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NEVER THIS WAY AGAIN.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen;
When we come back we'll see the glad young things,"
He said. We came not by that way again;
And time and thrushes fare on eager wings!

"Yon rose," she smiled. "But no; when we return,
I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day,
The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn
Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink,
Through life's fair fields, say not, "Another day
This joy I'll prove"; for never, as I think,
Never shall we come this self-same way.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Services for the inauguration of President Blaisdell of Pomona College will be held on the 20th and 21st of this month. Among those who will give addresses are Presidents Eaton of Beloit college, and Garfield of Williams, The former will speak on "The Historic Service of the American College": the latter on "The Place of the College in the Educational System of the Future."

The secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Hong Kong, China, Mr. Marion Kees, is supported by contributions from the associations of Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Whitman College, and others in Washington. Mr. Kees is a graduate of Whitman College where he joined the volunteer band for foreign missions. Recently five hundred dollars was assigned to be raised for the Hong Kong work—to the associations in Walla Walla and Whitman College. After all that could be possibly secured in these associations had been pledged one of the members turned to the Chinese in Walla Walla for aid and they responded liberally.

Our Oregon correspondent made mention last week of plans for the next Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, which is to be held in Portland. It was stated that the date fixed on was from June 2 to 9. This may be changed, inasmuch as information comes from the east that the annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society which is to be held in San Francisco this year may be changed from the date first fixed on, the last week in May, to the first week in June. Such a change would put the Pacific Coast Congress at least a week later. It has seemed wise to our Oregon brethren to have the Coast Congress at a time when Congregational leaders could be secured as speakers. We doubt the wisdom, however of having it near so important a meeting as that of our National Home Missionary Society. Better speakers may be had from the east for the program, but the attendance on the part of Coast pastors is not likely to be as large as it would be at some other time. Two years, or one year ago, California would have sent a much larger delegation to Portland than it will send this year. Three meetings here in June will command considerable attention—the Home Missionary Society meeting, that of the National Education Association, and that of the International Sunday School Association. We fear that Oregon and Washington will have to make up largely the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress this year. California will, however, send a not insignificant number of delegates.

Mrs. William M. Brooks, wife of the Rev. Dr. William M. Brooks, passed into the other life from their home in Redlands on the 28th of December, in her 73rd year. She was the mother of the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, of Walla Walla, Washington, known to many readers of The Pacific. Dr. and Mrs. Brooks gave many years of their life to educational work in Iowa, he being president of Tabor College for a quarter of a century. They came to the Coast several years ago, and for some time have been residing in Redlands. One of the Redlands daily papers says of Mrs. Brooks: "She was one who made and kept friends, and a large number of people will hear of her going with sorrow. Her amiability of character was recognized by all who knew her. This grace she possessed in a remarkable degree. She came as near being above unfavorable criticism as is possible for human nature to be. As a student of Oberlin, and afterwards of Tabor College, she gained the preparation for the responsiblities as the wife of a college president. Her hospitality was without limit. A large number of useful men and women give credit to that open home and its influence for what they are today." Dr. and Mrs. Brooks resided in Oakland for a time when they first came to the coast, and all who met Mrs. Brooks then have remembrance of an exceptionally sweet and gracious womanhood. She will go on living in the lives of her children, all of whose helpful, servicable, lovable lives tell of the influences around them in that union in which Dr. and Mrs. Brooks lived together for more than fifty years.

A veteran of our Civil War, who resides in Oakland, when he heard a few weeks ago of the death of Dr. Jerome D. Davis, communicated with Dr. Tenney of the American Board, by telephone, and remarked that in Dr. Davis' life as a soldier there were hundreds of unrecorded, unheralded actions which if known would stamp him as one of the world's heroes. When the Civil War broke out Dr. Davis was a student in Beloit college. He enlisted at once and served during the whole war, rising to the rank of colonel. Returning to Beloit at the close of the war he was graduated from that institution in 1866 and later from Chicago Theological Seminary. After serving as pastor for a few years at Cheyenne, Wyoming, he felt a call to foreign service and in 1871 went to Japan. Along with Joseph Neesima he founded the Doshisha, that Christian College which has done so much for Japan, and through it has shaped the lives of thousands of Japan's most influential sons. Dr. and Mrs. Davis were in attendance at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in Edinburgh. Coming thence to the home land, the disease, which had been developing gradually, took him away while at the home of relatives in Oberlin, Ohio, last November. It has been said of him in his relation to Japan: "He has fought his way into the affections of the best in Japan, and there is perhaps no one in all the missionary body more universally loved or deeply lamented by Japanese and missionaries alike than Dr. Davis."

Many noted Americans were born in 1811 and the centennials of their birth will be celebrated this year. Among them are Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Noah Porter, Horace B. Claflin and Cyrus Hamlin.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Race-prejudiced people will do well to remember that the picture that won the prize at the Chicago Art Institute, was by a Negro—"The Two Disciples at the Tomb," by H. O. Tanner; and that another of his pictures, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," has been bought by the Luxemborg in Paris.

Of the 15,958 living Yale graduates 3,600 are in the legal profession, 1,196 in the ministry, 1,285 in the practice of medicine, 1,217 in mercantile pursuits, 1,737 in education, 1,536 in engineering, 1,506 in finance, 404 in literature, 310 in agriculture, 198 in transportation, 212 in art and 192 in government work. The homes of 10,400 are in the North Atlantic States.

It is said that deaf mutes in Cleveland, Ohio, state that many of the moving picture exhibitions are spoiled for them for the reason that being able to read the lips of the characters that are thrown upon the screens they get therefrom language that is profane and indecent. Mrs. Bates, an expert in the art of lip-reading, made a tour of the shows recently with a newspaper reporter who wrote down the picture talk as she read it from the lips of the moving actors and at times the language was so vile that the reporter would not repeat it later.

Among the interesting books of recent publication is one by a Japanese artist in London. It as an autobiographical story of his struggles for success in art. The artist, Yoshio Markimo, belongs to the old Samurai family in Japan. He left home a mere boy and has never returned. Not even to his own family has he told of his starvation years in London when he battled almost against fate to gain a foothold with his art. He first came to America, landing in San Francisco, when anti-Japanese feeling was at fever heat. He washed windows and scrubbed floors for bread. Finding the atmosphere unbearable he went to London where he has lived since. He worked in the Japanese Legation, in the art schools, became a model and then a tombstone maker. Many a day he had barely a crust of bread to eat and he was forced, for lack of carfare to walk miles and miles every week to his work or to the publishing houses. So cruel did he find the world that he did not have a hearty laugh for eight years. At one time he had made up his mind to commit suicide if that day's task were as fruitless as those preceding had been. He had visited many places to sell his drawings, had met rebuffs without number, and even where his work was accepted, it was often weeks before he could collect his modest pay. As a Japanese he could not believe suicide a crime. Conscience is common to all, he argued, therefore it is selfish to kill. Jesus Christ knew that the Jews would kill him, yet he gave himself up to them. "It was in manner suicide," says the artist, who, evidently, fails to grasp the significance of Christ's death. Death or life, however, was the idea that argued through his gloomy brain when he went to Cassell's with his portfolio to show H. M. Spielmann, and the encouragement that he received saved to the world a genius whose work in the three large color books of London, Paris and Rome, has received high praise from critics and gives promise of a brilliant future to their creator.

The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'T is he fulfils great nature's plan
And none but he. —Robert Burns.

A GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN FOREIGN LANDS

The Rev. Dr. Bradley, pastor of Pilgrim church, Cleveland, and brother of Professor Bradley of the University of California, writes in The Continent of "A Calvinistic Wedding of Fifty Years Ago." We quote therefrom:

"Just fifty years ago, a young missionary of the Presbyterian Board became a part of my father's family by marrying his oldest daughter. There was an interesting story back of it. This young North Carolinian, graduate of Davidson College and Princeton Seminary, offered himself to the Board in New York. But he was not married and had no prospects in that direction. He could not be sent. Crestfallen, he went back to his native village in the 'Tar Heel' State, and asked eight young ladies in succession to join him in this expedition to the other side of the world. Naturally they declined. Could anything be more absurd than to take a woman traipsing to the jumping-off place when there was no indication that they were wanted there? Having done his best, and with some relief, after all—for the girls who declined him were not altogether to his liking—the young man came back to the board and reported. He was so frank and genuine, so really in dead earnest to go, that the officials reluctantly broke over the rule and in 1858 commissioned him. The first white woman he met when he arrived at Bangkok was Sophia Bradley, a girl somewhat younger than himself, who had spent all of her life excepting three years in her early girlhood in Siam. It was a case of love at first sight, and the nuptials were soon arranged. Daniel McGilvary, now the veteran missionary among the Laos, brought up in the strictest sect of the Calvinists, has always averred that it was an indubitable case of foreordination that the eight Carolina girls should have declined to go with him, and the right woman should be prepared and waiting for him overseas. That golden wedding celebrated this month by these worthy servants of God will recall many thrilling scenes in their long and useful lives."

Dr. Bradley says that he saw them start in 1868 from their first mission station and a beautiful home, to a second, to which they had asked to be assigned, to face extremely savage conditions. It required seventy-six days by boat and thirty on the backs of elephants to reach their future home.

"As they tied up at night by the bank of the Menam, they could see the gleam of a tiger's eyes on the opposite bank, or hear his growl not far from their own boat. Crocodiles lay on the smooth mud bars; peacocks and parrots cried out from the great trees; many kinds of monkeys grinned at them from the overhanging foliage. McGilvary, who is a dead shot, kept his men well supplied with meat, and the tiger skins, which are trophies of his many years of touring would cover a large area of floor space.

"In 1870 the first convert in the little church in Chieng Mai was put to death by the barbaric chief, because he refused to renounce his faith in Jesus. This persecution, which threatened the lives of the missionaries and temporarily wiped out the church, seemed to be the end of the enterprise. But as always the blood of the martyrs proved to be good seed, and Chieng Mai is now the center of a great movement for Christian civilization, which has reached over the whole of northern Siam. Hospitals, schools for boys and for young women, theological seminaries—the whole machinery of Christianity is in full and vigorous operation, so that commercially, socially and politically the entire region has been transformed. Mrs. Mc-

Gilvary's brother, returning to Siam last year after an absence of thirty years, preached to a congregation of a thousand Christians in a crowded spot where the first martyr was beheaded, some of the congregation walking fifteen or twenty miles to the church to hear him."

THE AWAKENING.

I am soul-sore and bended and weary,,
And my being is ancient and gray;
The heart in my bosom is dreary,
And I long to be up and away.
I want to respend what I squandered,
I seek but one chance to repay;
For last night my soul wakened and wandered
O'er the road to the gone yesterday.
Oh, the wrongs that can never be righted!
And the wounds that can never be healed;
The darkness that could have been lighted;
The truths that too late were revealed;
The burdens so readily shifted;
And the thorns I should have withdrawn;
The anguish that might have been lifted
From a heart that was thoughtlessly torn;
The clean things my foolish feet muddied;
The innocent ones I judged wrong;
The home that with sorrow I flooded;
The deaf ear I turned to life's song;
The struggler so easily aided;
The reckless one I might have checked;
The heartlessness that I paraded;
The dear ones I hurt with neglect;
The flower I robbed of its beauty
And tossed in a day to the slime;
The hour I faltered in duty;
The whim whose indulgence was crime;
Oh, God! though I face thee repentant,
I ask not Thy mercy as yet;
I seek not to find Thee relentant
Until the tomorrow is met.
I thank Thee that Thou hast unshuttered
The blindness that darkened my soul.
My prayer to Thee now is not uttered
In hope to defeat conscience's toll,
I ask Thee to see me in sorrow
And grant me the prayer that I pray—
That I may make right on the morrow
The wrongs that I wrought yesterday.

—Herbert Kaufman.

DIFFERENCE—OPPORTUNITY.

W. N. Burr.

Here is a man with a black face, but who has a vision of life that would seem to be well-nigh unclouded. Listen to what he has written, for it is a message of strength and uplift.

"I thank Heaven that I have been born into a great country, where there are great rivers to cross and great mountains to climb—great fights to fight and great problems to solve. White reader, I am glad that I am black and that you are are white—and that you and I must live in the same country, with the same laws, the same language, and the same religion. In that rare mixture of sameness and difference, of unity and variety, you and I have the most enviable opportunity of all history to help the providence of God in establishing the fact of the brotherhood of man. The measure of our difference is the measure of our opportunity."

That negro is a man of vision, and the rest of us who may have been "trying to make the world go right" by flinging stones at other people who are not just like ourselves, may well sit at the feet of William Pickens, of Talladega, and learn of him the secret of living together in this world, and of working out social conditions that shall be the answer to our prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Most of us rather want other people to be just like ourselves, and we want them to bend to our way in almost anything that may come along. We have our own tastes, our own likes and dislikes, our own views of things, our own opinions, and we don't enjoy having them interfered with. We don't like to be crossed. We don't like to have some other person whose opinions or tastes differ from ours come and lay his way right across our way. It is likely to make us cross!

The spirit of self-will, the passion to have one's own way, gets hold of us pretty early in life. The wee little baby in the home is quite likely to manifest a desire to have its own way before it has been in this world very long. Children do not always agree, on the playground nor in the home. Some times father and mother do not quite see eye to eye. Father wants to sell off all the chickens, and mother thinks she can't part with all those chickens. There is a confiict of wills. Husband and wife, however close may be their affection, do not carry through all the days

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

The evening that marks the culmination of the wooing period, when he has just asked the question and she has just answered "yes"—just at that fond moment those two are very sure that their two minds do carry but a single thought, that their two hearts do beat as one, but when, later, they have actually settled down to the business of living together they always find, I imagine, that sometimes his will runs straight north and south while her will is set straight east and west. And the result is that sometimes—because they dearly love each other—he gives a little, and she gives a little, and they go on together, each the stronger for having given up a little self-will and dropped a little into the way of the other. And sometimes it happens, because they really have not loved each other so much as they thought they did, they take a turn at the divorce mill, and he goes his way and she goes her way. They each have their own way, and there is one more blot on the escutcheon of society.

We differ in our tastes. Several years ago I sat in the old "Auditorium" at Long Beach and listened to a lecture by President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, on "The Passion Play of Oberammergau." President Jordan had visited Oberammergau a year or two before, and he described in his lecture the place, the people, and the play. I was charmed with that lecture. The descriptive parts were finely drawn, the diction was choice, and the sympathy with the simple-hearted peasants and with their devotion to the heart-idea of the Matchless Passion seemed to me to be drawing that entire audience to the higher levels of thought and feeling. As the lecture closed and we rose to go out, a man who had been sitting directly behind me said to his companion, so loud that I could not help hearing every word he said: "Well, he's a great college president! If I had a boy to send to college I'd send him where they have a President that knows something. That's all I want of a man that has to write out his speech and read it."

I had been feeding on things that seemed choice to me, and the man behind me had evidently spent the whole hour chewing on a cud of disgust at the speaker's manuscript. While I was feeding on the matter the man behind me had

apparently tasted nothing but the manner of its delivery. What I had been getting he did not seem to care for, and that which he had been getting seemed to me quite unimportant so long as I got the juices in which my mind and heart took delight. I had scarcely given a thought to the manuscript, but every tender chord in my mind and heart seemed touched, and I was going out into the busy world with a new sense of the devotion of a simple-hearted peasantry to the real heart-throbs of life, a new, rich sense of the miracle worked for the world in the passion of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

We differ in our opinions concerning social and industrial reform. Harrison Gray Otis thinks one way, and evidently there are people in the world who do not think just as he thinks. And yet he wants his way and contends for it stoutly, and the others want their way and they contend for it stoutly; and some who disagree with him try to have their own way by attempting to blow his newspaper into oblivion with dynamite. An analysis of the situation came to me, a few days after the blowing-up of The Times building, in a letter from an eighteen-year-old college boy, that is worth considering. He says: "I do not believe that the element that planned and carried out the dynamite plot is generally representative of labor unionists though it certainly does represent an element in labor unionism. The struggles for religious and political freedom have been largely won. The struggle for industrial freedom is on. At one extreme is The Times, at the other the radical unionists. Somewhere between stand the masses who call Roosevelt, Pinchot and other insurgents their leaders. Practically all are working for industrial freedom. There is no considerable foe except ourselves with our selfishness, avarice and petty jealousies. And the struggle will be won, but not as either General Otis or as Bill Haywood suppose."

In the home, in business, in the church, in community affairs, in national affairs, in social and industrial life, in politics, in religion, in everything, people are trying to have their own way, and there are many different ways. How shall we live together in this world, and get the most out of life, when we naturally differ so? The colored man has found the secret, because he has his eye upon the purpose in it all. Christ taught, and the New Testament everywhere teaches, that we must give and take, and take and gve. There are no splendid triumphs in any department of life until men and women are willing to do just that!

Somebody has said: "God give us men of convictions, but may He also give us men whose convictions are held, defended and propagated in the spirit of love, men accessible to reason, willing to modify their positions if new light appears, capable of appreciating the other man's point of view."

The colored man puts it even better: "The measure of our difference is the measure of our opportunity. If both were white or both were black—'if ye love them which love you'—then our oportunity for reaching towards God would not be better than that of a thousand monochromic civilizations of the past. With all our heart let us thank God that you and I have the peculiar privilege to justify the ways of God to man!"

La Canada, California.

The Bread of Life is Love;
The Salt of Life is Work;
The Sweetness of Life, Poesy;
The Water of Life, Faith.

—Mrs. Jameson.

LIFE VALUES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Rev. Charles W. Williams.

(Note:—The Rev. C. W. Williams, who for several years was pastor of the Congregational church at Avalon, Catalina Island, having had to retire from the pastorate on account of deafness, is now living in Los Angeles, and is doing a most excellent work as superintendent of the Sunday School of Plymouth church. The article with the foregoing caption was one of his talks to his teachers. Later it was given at a meeting of the Congregational ministers of Los Angeles which body asked its publication in The Pacific.—Editor.)

We have a Bible that speaks as having authority and not as the scribes. The scribes spoke by authority, and as intimated by Dr. Aked, of New York, "it makes a whole world of difference. It is not by authority this Bible speaks. It is not by virtue of a mandate of any external court, nor by virtue of any external demonstration of any kind whatsoever. It speaks with authority because of what it is, what it lives and breathes and whispers and thunders.

The Jews must have had as hard a time as we with their doctrines of inspiration. Finally they seemed content with three kinds. The Law (the Hexateuch) was regarded as the original revelation (for there was in the latter days the look backward to some external attestation); this was the Holy of Holies of the Bible. The book of Prophets in turn was regarded as the "same Divine Will" further delivered (heart-voice rather than attestation), and was the Holy Place. The outer Sanctuary was the Hagiographa, the Psalms, Proverbs and other literature that made no claim to speak in God's name, but was simply and frankly the result of "human observation, thought and aspiration." But notice, all these got into the canon, all spoke with authority, all were in and of the Bible that was of the people and for the people. And why? Because they had all held the Hebrews to moral standards, or summoned them to moral crises, or soothed their spiritual unrest, being the heart words of men who did delight themselves in the Almighty, and lift up the face unto God. These different sections were all canonized by the "acclamation of souls," a most significant election.

The process wes very natural. Trace it. First, the gradual collections of the songs, stories and mandates as they became the ever-richer heritage of the Hebrews. These would be set together in Hebrew literature, for they were together in Hebrew consciousness and experience.. (Eng. Lang. in "Bible as Literature," P. 5..) The Hebrew was a wonderful language for song and story. Like the sinewy, swift-moving sons of the desert who fathered it, it was all action. In Hebrew, almost everything is a verb. To quote from Dr. Drysdale, (Early Bible Songs, P. 16) "The language is a very abyss of verbs. Everything in it cries aloud, 'I live, I move, I work. I am the creature of emotion and conviction, not the language of abstract thinkers and philosophers." Hence the songs and the stories. (Amp. P. 7 etc., "Bible as Lit.") and the laws were not to the Hebrew simply formulae as to what was so and not so morally; they were to them the acts and voices of God. Therefore, when at length, in Ezra's time, the whole Hexateuch existed, and came to be, (as it were) bound and published by him, it was a marvel of song and story and law. Even Deuteronomy had its historical introduction that sends a glow and thrill through it all. The law is incarnate law. They are all life-findings, life

struggling, life potent, life winning in the hearts of men.

And the **Prophets!** In those halcyon days under the Egyptian Ptolemies, Israel's happiest for many a long decade, in those days when life was easier and leisure more real, the great messages of Amos and Isaiah and Jeremiah and the rest stood out in bold relief. They were for the most part messages forged in the furnace of peril, and cast forth at white heat, like iron

"heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,"

and so iron tempered and true, steel for the fray. And in these days, when there was time to think and realize, soul after soul throughout the land, cast its canonization vote. Thus by the time of the return of trouble, the book of the prophets was in place.

There was left the Psalms and the like literature, that ministered still unassumingly during the terror of Antiochus Epiphanes and the matchless heroism of the hammerers, the Maccabees. And some of the Psalms sprang first from the war vortex, like Minerva shaking her shield, from Jupiter's head. By the time it was all over, not only had Macabaean heroism hammered its way to liberty, the Psalms had hammered their way into the canon—the Psalms and much else, like Daniel, a clarion blast through the chaos of the times.

Thus naturally, thus irresistably has the Bible come to be. Now overturn it and sweep it away. You might if its value depended upon some external attestation, but as the case stands, it would be to overturn Gibraltar, anchored in the depths of the sea, or yon mountains rooted in the depths of the earth. Men do not overturn such things. With authority does this life book speak. It is great because it is itself.

Senator Beveridge is the author of a little book, entitled "The Bible as Good Reading." I quote therefrom (Pgs 13, 14, 17)), "Why, I never knew those things were in the Bible. How did you ever get onto them?" said he one day when a perfectly charming story had been read.. "Why this way," said the Other One. "Many years ago in a logging camp, there happened to be nothing to read, and I just had to read. I had read everything—that is to say, I had read everything but the Bible, and I did not want to read that. I had read it over and over again in the church and in my home, and always with that monotonous non-intelligence, that utter lack of human understanding that makes all the men and women of the Bible, as ordinarily interpreted by us, putty-like characters without any human attributes. But there was nothing else to read, so I was forced to read the Bible., and I instantly became fascinated with it. * * * * It is natural enough, is it not? Surely this book has not held sway over the human mind for 2000 years without having something that appeals to 'human interest'. Surely the O. T., which is a story of the most masterful and persistent people who ever lived, a people who have seen nations rise and fall, dynasties grow and perish like mushrooms—I mean the Jews—surely such a history cannot help being charged with thought and emotion and love, and hate and plot and plan, with frailty and ideality, with cowardice and courage, with anarchy and law, with waywardness nd obedience, with the flowing of milk and honey on the one hand, and battle 'till the sun stood still' on the other hand * * * * Take up the Bible as an account of mighty men and extraordinary women and the most wonderful of people; take it up as a purely 'human document' (you will get the religion in it as you go along), and know how fascinating it is."

A simple, unpretentious word from a man among men, a Christian and statesman. We see what he means; that we take the Bible up as life, not as startling phenomena; as the history of how God "revealed truths by leading men to discover them;" as a progressive relation ever glowing at the heart of an upward struggle; that we read it thus, and love it as we learn to live it.

We might have had a Bible as learnedly essay-like as our old college Moral Philosophy, with successive chapters on Moral Rights, and Origin of Knowledge and Necessitarianism and Freedom of the Will and the Discord of our Moral Nature and the Existence of God. But if we had such a Bible, we probably would never know we had it. We might go to it in a college class, but it would never be looked into in our homes. We might have had a Bible as accurate in minutiae of detail (in numbers, dates, and names) as the latest topographical map of Palestine, and then we could locate incidents a thousand years back with the same infallibility of calculation as astronomers, when they read records of past eclipses. But how much time would we spend at that sort of thing? We might have had a Bible with every part of it as systematically placed and as unmistakably defined as a skeleton. Now a skeleton is a wonderful thing, but it is unsatisfactory as a companion, so what we have is not a dry-as-bones, systematic inert Bible, but one that throbs with the warm-blood of real life.

"Nothing can have value for man or permanent significance for him unless it has been worked out into life through a self-conscious human process," surely to us this saying of Hegel's seems almost a truism: "It is not enough to say that revelation has a history. It is a history."

The Burlington railroad has taken President Eliot's five-foot library out of its Pullman trains. I suppose the books did not nearly enough touch present-day life. The values of the Bible are life values, truths lived and wrought in human hearts in peril, toil and pain, in gladness and triumph. We have no "mechanical record" of doctrine, but "an epic of salvation,"

And if these be facts that we all here know and feel, let me say that we have simply striven to be true to them in our work at Plymouth. "Sing me a song; tell me a story," so cry the children. And we are all children at heart. At least, so said the Master. So we have gone back by these songs and stories, back by this historical rather than speculative or argumentative Bible, back first to the people, who just off the desert-expanses, virile with desert exercise and a-tingle with desert air, had the desert-child's thought of God. Do you know, if I am partial to one of the three-fold narratives, I am to the Jehovist's. I like a God who comes near to me, walks with me, talks with me, who rushes to my aid, who has beset me behind and before and laid his hand upon me. I am enough of a child for that. And He came to them so often of old. And He whispered and He thundered.

"Came the Vision, came the Whisper, came the Power with the need,
And the Soul that was not man's soul was given us to lead."

Then we marched with Moses, and that is some marching, the Moses not of magic but of might; the Moses who saw opportunity, and knew it as Providence, who interpreted the series of Nile calamities, reading God at their center and all through; Moses, who saw afar and ahead; who could hear the still, small voice and so knew God face

to face, and spoke for him to the people.

I think we had a real Moses, one who had nothing to ask of one's credulity, a Moses in whose actual life, of such majesty and magnitude, our actual lives found strength.

And we stood with Deborah on the ridge above the battlefield, when the Hebrews, summoned by her battle-cry, marshalled from near and far for the battle against Sisera; when the storm swept the levels, and the chariot wheels sank deep in the mire, and the horses' hoofs plashed, and the very stars fought. We felt the triumph-movement of the great song of the epochal battle, which first taught the Hebrews they could act together.

Then we came up through the years to the man who so harnessed this capacity to act together as to make it a working force—Samuel, a combination of circuit judge and Methodist circuit-rider (only we found him more of a Presbyterian), and a statesman withal; Samuel, who summoned Israel to choose the Saul whom he had already summoned.

And Saul, Titanic Saul, whose religion was the consulting of oracles (think of the dull, dead fatalism of it); Saul, who never would check an impulse, but would obey Jehovah by swinging the uncontrolled forces of his nature into the prescribed channel, though it be like running the swirling Colorado into a new channel; Saul, who with his Titan strength, placed the huge stones and founded the Kingdom.

And David, who established the Kingdom. David, magnetic, generous, swift as Achilles, peerlessly brave; triumphant as a Winged Victory; David, whose fame is immortal, and whose shame abides; David, who, "stripped of all idealism, is the great constructive force in Hebrew history, whose achievements were so splendid that all the idealizations which became the hopes of the future have their fountain in his reign."

A writer in The Congregationalist tells this story:

"Whew!" said the boy—it was Bible-lesson time for the Sabbath afternoon, and his mother had just read the story of David and Goliath—"you can't work us up on none of them Bible heroes. I tell you it isn't fair! Why, David lived right in the days of miracles. I wouldn't be afraid to trot out and thump a giant if I knew God was goin' to do the killin' for me all right, all right." He eyed his mother with a sarcastic grin.

The dear lady laughed outright. "Now, Ray," she quizzed, "you've no idea how funny you are when you are as wrong as that! David didn't live in miraculous times at all. God didn't do miracles for him any more than for you and me. Read your Bible and see if God ever did. He didn't. David was just a good, stout, shepherd lad, who'd trained up his muscles fighting lynxes and bears, killing them with his own hand or with a sling. He wasn't anywhere nearly so small as the pictures make him out. David had a hard job to do. He knew it was a hard job; but he also knew that, trusting in the Almighty's love, he could do it—and he rounded up his job in good shape. That last is your own pet slang. Now, Ray, when next you have a giant to kill, go read of David and remember that you have all the help he had—then go out and slay the giant."

You see what I mean by life-values. That mother knew. As Dr. Grenfell says, "The Bible is written in the history of men's lives, who fought exactly the battles I have to fight, and faced the same difficulties, temptations and doubt that I have to face." We at Plymouth have, I think, in a way, lived with these men. We have felt with them, wrought with them, struggled with them. They have seemed not unreal, but real. By the sacredness and thrill of life, which is God in us, for us, through us, they speak with authority.

FROM NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

We quote a few paragraphs from New Year Greetings, those from two pastors having come to our notice.

A. W. Palmer's Greeting.

Mr. Palmer, of Plymouth church, Oakland, wished for all the friends of that church a deepening experience in friendship which should bring with it these five things:

A World Made New.—A world different and more beautiful because you have looked upon it through the eyes of a Friend.

A Call to High Endeavor.—We shall never know how much of David's great achievement was due to Jonathan's high faith in him when he came an awkward lad to the court of Saul. We all need someone to believe in us.

Inspiration to Unselfish Service.—A living friendship will overflow in service to others. The true motto of friendship is "Ich Dien," "I serve."

A refuge.—Henry Van Dyke says:

> "For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
> To be completely known—and all forgiven."

We all need such a haven of friendship, a refuge where we are cherished, not in ignorance of our weaknesses, but in spite of them.

And Beyond All Human Friendships may the year bring a larger measure of comradship with One who has said "No longer do I call you servants, but I have called you friends!"

C. C. Cragin's Greeting.

In his letter to the people of Lincoln and Palermo, Mr. Cragin emphasized the fact that despite any possible reverses each might make the year 1911 the best of their lives—one full of content, of victory and of peace.

What Mr. Cragin said to the people of Lincoln and Palermo, being of general applicability, we make here considerable of an excerpt:

Write on the clean page of the New Year a resolution to be true, to be brave, to be of service, and put yourselves under the guidance of God, and the year now dawning cannot be otherwise than successful. There is gladness in kindness; there is happiness through service; there is blessedness by unselfishness. "Keep sweet." Let the Christmas spirit be with us the year around.

See the good in one another. Charles Lamb, walking with a friend, pointed to a passing man, and said, "I hate that man." The friend was astonished. "Why," said he, "you don't even know him." "No," replied Lamb, "if I knew him I probably shouldn't hate him." There isn't a person of our acquaintance whom we might not have some genuine respect for, if we knew him better. Find out the good points in the people we come in contact with.

Said a Sunday school boy to his teacher: "Any softy can go wrong, but it takes sand to go right. Teacher, how can I get sand?" Every one of us should ask the question, How can I get "sand," courage, strength and be true to my better self? The help comes from God.

But the church was instituted to help us also. We need it. It needs us—all of us. It would be an immense gain if the people went regularly to church. Come next Sunday, and bring your neighbor.

I urge town improvement—the rubbish out of the street, the selfishness out of our hearts, the moral pitfalls out of the

way, safe-guards for the young, pure and loving homes, development along moral lines, good times that last, recretions that recreate, amusements that leave no bad taste in the mouth, love for God's day, God's word, God's house, God's worship. You cannot secure the highest grade of citizensh p otherwise. "Every man's life is a plan of God." Find out what God's plan is for you and endeavor with His help to carry it out. We are responsible for making the most and best of ourselves, and doing the most and best for our town. Have a campaign for a clean town, a safe town, a prosperous town, a happy town.

I commend to you the interests of temperance, of purity, of righteousness. I bid you live cleanly, happily, usefully, Christianly. For the sake of our boys, it would be well to develop the Boys' Scout movement; for the sake of our country, the neglected children should be reached, and grounded in the great truths of the Bible, preparing them for citizenship here, and for the life beyond.

ACTION OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL RELATING TO THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

At its meeting in Boston, October 20, 1910, the National Council adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, The recent "Together Campaign" has removed the burdensome and crippling debts of the American Board, the Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, thus equipping them for new efficiency in their work, and in this movement the Church Building Society heartily co-operated, although it had no debt; and

Whereas, The need for aid has very greatly increased in recent years, so that the appeals of new and needy churches far exceed the ability of The Church Building Society to make prompt response to them, and there is a constant waiting l'st of scores of churches whose success and even life are threatened unless they can soon be helped; and

Whereas, The development of our power as an agency for the spread of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world depends upon the successful development of our churches;

Resolved, That an immediate effort should be made to rescue these distressed and imperiled churches by means of largely increased contributions through the Church Building Society; and to this end the Council urges that the full apportionment in contributions to the Church Building Society be given each year, and that by special individual gifts the Parsonage Loan Fund should be increased from $125,000 to $200,000, and the Church Loan Fund should be increased from $800,000 to $1,000,000, and it recommends that the Society put forth every effort to secure these desired results before the meeting of the next Triennial Council."

A DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE TO BE ENTERTAINED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

Tuesday evening, January 17, in the First Congregational Church of Oakland the Woman's Board of Miss'ons for the Pacific will give a reception to President Tasuka Harada of the Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan. There will be an address by President Harada, followed by a reception.

President Harada came from Japan early th's year to attend the great missionary conference in Edinburgh. While in Scotland the Edinburgh University conferred on him the degree of LL.D. Returning to the Un'ted States a few months ago, he has visited different parts of our country and is soon to take departure from San Francisco for his native land. Recently, when in New York, President Harada was entertained by the Hon. Seth Low, former mayor of New York.

LINES TO MOTHER AT EVENING.

For fifty years, or more,
  Our lines have done their part;
Our letters o'er and o'er,
  Have gone from heart to heart.

But now they say, no more
  Can mother read my lines,
That nothing can restore
  The thoughts of olden times.

But I must write again,
  For I am loth to part
With words that not in vain
  Should reach her loving heart.

Oh, tell me not, dear friend,
  No answer e'er shall come;
I know that she will send,
  The Heavens are not dumb.

Shall we despair at last,
  And bury every joy,
As though a winter blast
Had power to destroy

'Tis God who rules the storm,
  And bids the waves be still,—
Shall our immortal form
  Be silent by his will?

No! Mother'll write to me,
  I shall not be distressed;
I'm sure my eyes shall see
  Her word to me addressed

Perhaps no earthly mail
  Shall bring it to my sight,
But love can never fail,
  'Tis cheering me tonight.

Not all who mourn must think
  When mother's passed away
That link has parted link,
  And broken every stay.

Please write your loving word,
  If only in the mind,—
I know it will be heard,
  Though absence seem unkind.

Morning.

The words of Jesus came to me
  At earliest peep of day
"My brother, sister, mother, see
  In those who God obey.
If I go ye seek for me,
Where I am ye cannot be,
The Holy One shall comfort thee;
Little children, fear not thee."

And thus the message cleared away

The dream of mortal fear,
As mists obscure the day
Till perfect love is here.
The beauty of the Spirit life
Nor height nor depth, can hide,
The ash is nothing, let it lie,—
In waiting we abide.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PROPORTIONATE BENEVOLENCE.

The Proportionate Benevolence Committee has sent out to each church its suggested apportionment. The amount asked for each society is given on three cards—one intended for the pastor's desk, one for the church treasurer and one to be put in come conspicuous place in the church.

The committee says, in a circular letter:

"The committee desires to emphasize the fact that this apportionment is not to be looked upon as an assessment, but only as a suggestion, wh ch, if the church will adopt, as a minimum, the whole amount desired for the benevolence in this conference will be raised. This plan on the part of our fellowship is a nation-w de effort toward a balanced benevolence, giving to each board, not according to its individual preferences, but according to its needs as the denomination sees them. The committee has carefully revised the suggestions of last year, in view of the above facts, and the receipts of the year, and send them forth that each church may have some definite aim for its work. The suggestions in some cases are no doubt too small. It is hoped that none may be too large, though some may think they are. A failure on the part of the church to respond to the plan will by so much impair the results.

"The responsibility for the successful inauguration and carrying out of this system must rest, first of all, upon the Pastor. Shall we not all make this benevolence work of our churches a matter of earnest prayer, hoping that it may indeed prove a means of grace?"

The committee suggests that the plan be brought before the church at its annual meeting, or as early as possible before the first of the year, and adopted by a specific vote of the church; that a special committee be appointed, and a benevolence treasurer (if the regular treasurer cannot attend to it), and that a systematic canvass be made of the entire church and congregation to secure a weekly pledge for benevolences; that a special envelope be provided for these benevo'ence pledges, one for each Sunday, or that the duplex envelope be secured in conjunction w th the church trustees; that remittances be made at least quarterly to each society, instead of attempting to make up the apportionment to any one society in view of the coming end of the fiscal year.

The apportionment this year is intended to include all contributions from the church, the Sunday School, the young people's societies, the women's societies and all other organizations of the church.

The committee in the Northern California conference consists of Revs. B. St. John, W. T. Patchell, M. J. B. Orr and Messrs. Geo. T. Hawley and Morris Marcus.

Mother had made Johnny's new pants too small. He complained, saying, "These pants are tighter than my skin." "Oh, no, dear," said his mother, "that can't be." "Oh, yes, it can," insisted Johnny. "I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these pants!"

GOOD YEAR, DEAR ONE, GOOD YEAR!

Full brightly shine the firmamental lights above you
And give you cheer;
Full firmly bind the tender chords of them that love you
And you hold dear;
Securely let the "everlasting arms" uphold you,
Keep you from fear;
Completely let the Saviour's wondrous peace enfold you.
Dry every tear,
Good year, dear one, good year!

—Katie F. M. Cleaves.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, First.—Three persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, one on profession of faith.

San Francisco Mission.—The Williams Carol choir will sing in the Mission Congregational church next Sunday evening.

Los Angeles, Pilgrim.—This church, organized one year ago, now has a membership of 87. At the last communion service 17 persons united.

Oakland, First.—New Year morning the choir, consisting of more than sixty persons, went around in automobiles to the Old Peoples' home, the Ladies' Relief Society home, the King's Daughters' home and Fabiola and Merritt hospitals, and gladdened many hearts with anthems and carols.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The pastor has announced for the Sunday evening services in January a series of sermons on Representative Christians: John B. Gough, the Agitator; Guido Verbeck, the Nation Builder; Robert Louis Stevenson, the Exponent of Optimism; Leo Tolstoy, the Man Who Had the Courage of his Convictions.

Fresno.—The Rev. Benjamin Gould has withdrawn his resignation and will remain with the First Congregational church of Fresno. The Armenian church now takes possession of the First church property, which it purchased recently, and the latter will hold services in a hall until a new house of worship can be built on its lots bought not long ago for that purpose in another part of the city. A new location and a new building will enable the First church to establish itself more effectively in Fresno.

Little Shasta.—The Sunday school on "Christmas day in the morning" followed the example of the Wise Men and brought their gifts to the Christ, to be used for our first church in the Philippines. They brought their money in little silk bags and hung them on the tree. The Sunday previous some members of the World Wide club told at the morning service what our government and the churches of the United States were doing for the Filipinos. The Ladies' Aid society at a recent bazaar netted $160. They have paid $5 a month on the pastor's salary this year, and put new carpeting in the church.

Corona.—The Rev. Chester Ferris of Corona announces for Sunday evenings in January and February a series of sermons under "Studies in Genesis and the Stories of the Rock and Babylonian Libraries"—with topics as follows: 1. The Story of Creation; 2. The First Man. Who Was Adam? And Who Are You? 3. Where the First Mother

Came From. 4. The Garden of Eden. How Did Our Troubles Begin? How to End Them. 5. Cain and Abel: or God's First Altars. 6. Lamech and the First Civilizations. 7. Enoch the Immortal. 8. Noah and His Rainbow. 9. Jesus Christ: "I am Alpha and Omega; the Beginning and the End."

Alameda, First.—Last Thursday evening over 200 members of this church were seated around the dinner tables to enjoy the good things prepared by the ladies and to listen to the reports of the officers and the auxiliary societies. From beginning to end there was the greatest enthusiasm, and they are now ready to begin the new year under most favorable conditions. The banquet was preceded by a reception in the church parlors at which the wives of the trustees acted as hostesses. When all were gathered at the tables, Rev. George Morris, the first pastor of the church, led in a prayer of thanksgiving. After dinner the regular business meeting was held, resulting in the election of various officers for the coming year; then followed the reports, which were all good. The total receipts for 1910 amounted to $4,246.95, while the disbursements were $4,236.44, leaving a balance on hand of $10.50, with which to begin the new year. The Benevolent fund showed $803.90 received, making a grand total of $5,191 handled by Treasurer Fox. The church clerk reported the present membership as 303—being 202 women to 101 men, just 2 to 1. In addition to this number 74 members are in the retired and absent list. Two members have died during the past year. The Sunday school superintendent gave a most encouraging report of the year's work. The system of graded lesson has been adopted, an adult Bible class formed, and the hour of session changed to 9:45 a. m. The Ladies' Aid reported an increased membership, an income of $550, which was used in many helpful ways; $185 going to a home missionary in California. The King's Daughters' receipts were $190, besides the raising of nearly $1,800 in pledges for the King's Daughters' home in Oakland. The reports from the Endeavor society, the Kingdom Extension society, and the Board of Deacons were listened to with interest. At the close of the reports, which, taking into consideration, that the church was for seven months without a pastor, were all most encouraging, a delightful concluding program was given, the addresses and music being of a high order. Rev. H. M. Tenney spoke on the toast "A Pilgrim in Boston Town." Miss Adele Brown charmed every one by her witty address on "Smiles," and Dr. George A. Moore gave an interesting account of his trip abroad, concluding that nowhere in Europe did he find the social cheer and deep Christian fellowship which in America keeps religion from falling into formalism and superstition. His verdict on a year abroad was that there is no place like America, no State like California , and no place in California like Alameda. Rev. C. L. Mears, pastor, acted as Moderator during the entire evening, and while he gave no formal report for the five months that he has had charge, he made short remarks after each report, and gave his hopes for the coming year. The church plans to raise $1,000 for missions during the coming year, most of which will be spent in California. It also voted to have a full representation at the State conference to be held in Camp Curry in the Yosemite the first week in August, 1911. A splendid letter was read from Rev. L. Potter Hitchcock, the former pastor, now at Pasadena.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The 19th annual meeting of this church was held on the evening of December 29, 1910, in the Sunday school auditorium of the new church, a goodly number being present. Reports of the officers and various organizations were all very encouraging. During the year drawing to a close there have been received into the church forty-one members, twenty-one by confession, of whom thirteen came from the Sunday school and twenty by letter, the present membership of the church being 189. The new edifice is practically completed, the total cost of the building and equipment being in the neighborhood of $25,000. This includes the pews and furnace, which will not be installed until spring. In the meantime the church meets for worship in the Sunday school auditorium which can seat 350 people and answers all purposes admirably. The total amount received into the building fund during the past year has been $19,655.41, including $9,500 insurance and a temporary loan of $2,500, and the amount disbursed on account of building, $18,903.34. There is still uncollected a little over $5,500 in pledges, nearly all of which will come in during 1911. After applying on existing indebtedness the amount thus realized, there will still remain about $3,000 to be raised. The report of the Mayflower Women's association, presented by its president, Mrs. J. F. Harris, showed an amount raised of $822.31, of which $753.37 is in the bank. The report of the Sunday school was presented by its superintendent, Silas W. Mack, and contained many evidences of remarkeble growth in this branch of the church work, only the statistical portion of which can be referred to here. First, as to attendance. hree years ago the average was 100; two years ago 112; last year 116, and at present 132, with the following enrollment: Main school, 165; home department, 75; cradle roll, 22; total, 262. Second, as to offerings: Regular offerings of the school, 1910, $289.39; contributions from home department, $24.95;; special gifts to the school not otherwise mentioned, $144.25. Special offerings as follows: Lincoln day offering, $14.81; Goodell memorial room, $28.04; Rally day, $28.44; Christmas, White Gift service, $115.76; total, $187.05; also raised by classes and departments, $586.73; making a grand total of $1,232.37; as against $460.94 in 1909. The missionary offerings of the Sunday school during the past year aggregate $162.45. Both the Philathea and Baraca classes have pledged and paid $100 each to the building fund, and the former during the past year paid $48 for the support of a native Bible teacher in connection with the Aruppukottai station, Madura mission, India, the total amount raised by these two classes being $215 and $202.10, respectively. In addition to the beautiful window that has been placed in the new building in memory of the late pastor, Dr. Goodell, the Sunday school has thus far raised $123.14 towards the building and equipment of a room in his memory in the Annie Tracey Riggs Memorial hospital at Harpoot, Turkey. Comfortably settled in its new home, under the consecrated leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Peebles, the church realizes that through all its seeming adversity there have come blessings which cannot be computed in dollars and cents, and will endeavor to do more effective work for the Master during the coming year.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WALLA WALLA.

The Christmas number of the Walla Walla Union Statesman contained a sketch of the First Congregational Church along with an article by President Penrose of Whitman College concerning the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, the pastor. We give the articles in the main to the wider circles reached by The Pacific:

The first Congregational Church of Walla Walla is the

oldest of the denomination in the State of Washington. At the time of organization, January 1, 1865, seven persons joined themselves together as charter members. These were Rev. P. B. Chamberlain and wife, Rev. Cushing Ells and wife and their oldest son, Edwin, and Deacon J. W. McKee and wife, all natives of New England except two. These two are now living, Mr. Edwin Ells of Tacoma, the oldest living native son of Washington, and Mrs. Chamberlain, now of Portland, a native of Canada.

A familiar scene as long as Rev. Cushing Eels lived in the valley was the attendance of from ten to twenty Indians at Sunday services to whom "Father Ells" gave instruction in the native tongue during the Sunday School hour.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, the first pastor, and a man of great ability, continued to serve the church until 1880. Up to this time forty-nine persons had joined the church.

The first building used by the church was erected by Mr. Chamberlain at his own expense and upon his own property on Rose street near Second, in 1864. This building was destroyed by fire in 1868 and immediately after, by public subscription, the lot at the corner of Second and Rose streets was purchased and a new building erected there. This was used until January, 1900, and has since been moved to Isaacs avenue and Division streets, and is still used by the denomination in that part of the city.

In the next thirteen years the church was served by four pastors, Rev. N. F. Cobleigh for two years, Rev. Ezra Haskell for two years, Rev. Henry Richard Foster for less than one year and Rev. E. R. Loomis for six years.

In May, 1894, Rev. E. L. Smith, now of Seattle, accepted the invitation of the church to become its first installed pastor. During this pastorate the church made steady and strong progress. Work in the country districts was undertaken, the difficult problem of selecting a new and more permanent site and plans for the present house of worship were settled and money secured with which to build.

In the fall of 1898 Mr. Smith was dismissed at his own request, and Rev. Austin Rice was called to succeed him and was afterward installed. During Mr. Rice's pastorate the present church building, located at the corner of Palouse and Alder streets was completed at a cost, including furnishings, of $11,000. Two years later a beautiful pipe organ was purchased and installed in the church. The country work was fostered, benevolences increased, and the congregation and church membership grew steadily in numbers and influence. It is doubtful if any pastor in the history of the community has been more generally beloved than was Mr. Rice.

The church is fortunate in having associated with it a considerable body of substantial business and professional men as well as a large proportion of the faculty of Whitman college.

The Rev. R. C. Brooks.

The people of the First Congregational Church think so highly of their pastor, both as pastor and preacher, that they do not like to speak about him publicly outside of Walla Walla lest efforts be made to entice him away, and yet they have confidence that he will not leave because he made a deliberate choice between several important fields before he decided to accept the call of the First Church, and his decision was based upon his estimate of the remarkable opportunity which is before the church in a city of the home quality of Walla Walla, and with the development which is possible to it through the large future of Whitman college. It is a secret that within the last year Oberlin tried to secure Dr. Brooks for one of its great college churches and he preferred to remain in Walla Walla, by which, perhaps, he indicated his faith in the future of Whitman college as compared with Oberlin.

Dr. Brooks has the enthusiastic admiration and loyality of a united people. They admire him as a preacher; they are inspired by the messages which he brings them weekly and they know that the high morality and noble faith of his sermons is matched by his own daily life and conversation. The bell rings true. There is no discrepancy between the spoken word and the living example. [illegible] is Dr. Brooks' power of clear thought and [illegible] pression, his influence with his congregation depends first of all upon the purity and clarity of his life and the kindly wisdom with which he shows himself to be the friend of everyone with whom he talks. He can be stern to rebuke but gentle to encourage. His tactfulness is the result of a keen brain and a loving heart. He never seems to be thinking of himself but rather of the good of the person with whom he talks, and consequently he has been able to enter with helpful sympathy the lives of many persons during the two years that he has been pastor of the First Church.

The striking characteristics of Dr. Brooks' sermons are:

First, the clearness. He has a keen eye and a deep insight into the truth. He masters his sermons before discussing them, and when he speaks shows careful analysis and careful apprehension. He understands what he is to say and what he is driving at. Because of this understanding on his part he is able to make himself clear to others, He addresses himself to the simplest as well as the most intelligent in his congregation and makes his views vividly clear.

Second, earnestness. Dr. Brooks never preaches sermons to show his own ability or to impress his [illegible] with his capacity. He is inspired always by a direct purpose to benefit and uplift his hearers. With the vigor of an Old Testament prophet he brings out of his treasures things old and new to use them always for the high purpose of stimulating to a nobler and more earnest life. Though his ordinary preaching is mild and gentle, yet at times it rings out with startling effectiveness as the power of moral indignation or prophetic inspiration manifests itself through his words. He is already a force to be reckoned with in the moral life of the community.

Third, freedom of thought. The preacher is oftentimes a creature of conventionality. Brought up in the nurture of a hoary faith, he oftentimes looks backward rather than forward as though to see the dawn of tomorrow on the hills of yesterday. Dr. Brooks is a man of the future. He retains with reverence the faith of his childhood but he has a man's boldness of a man's larger vision. His confidence in God is too great to allow him to be readily dismayed by any tokens of evil, or to think it necessary to put out his hand to save the ark of the Lord. He preaches the eternal Gospel in the language of the 20th century to 20th century men and women.

Fourth, persuasiveness. In large measure this is the result of the three characteristics named above, but it is due also to a very admirable literary style and a delivery which is free from affectation and is marked by a straightforward, gentle, winning manner which disarms opposition and makes it easy to adopt his views. Disarming opposition by his fairness he presents truth boldly and massively and wins his hearers to the truth by a style so lucid that attention is concentrated on the thought and the personality of the preacher is forgotten. This is a rare gift and the people of his congregation are showing their appreciation.

The Home.

A HOME SONG.

I read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page,
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true, and something more
You'll find where'er you roam,
That marbled halls and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where love abides,
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

—Henry J. Van Dyke.

REMOVE THE THISTLE.

Tommy comes to his mother with a swollen finger and an expression of pain on his round face.

"Please get it out," he begs.

"What is it?" she questioned, as she holds the finger up for examination.

"I guess it's a thistle. I got it in yesterday, but it didn't hurt much then. Ouch, mamma! Have you just got to hurt like that?"

"Indeed I have, Tommy boy! It wouldn't have hurt much to have taken it out yesterday, but today it is festered and cannot be pressed without giving pain. And tomorrow the hurt would be far worse, so be a man and let me get the thistle now."

Tommy squirms a little, and two big tears force themselves into his eyes, but presently the thistle is out and he runs back to his play whistling a merry tune.

His mother sits still, looking very serious. She is thinking about bigger thistles and bigger hurts.

The friend of her youth has not written to her in months, and she can give a guess concerning the reason. This friend is rich, and at their last meeting Tommy's mother was foolish enough to feel a jealousy of her, and to show what she felt. Her friend resented the feeling, as was perhaps natural.

"I was ashamed of myself almost at once," said Tommy's mother. "Why didn't I say so? Why didn't I take out the thistle then? I can't do it now without pain."

There is another thistle in the heart of Tommy's mother. Last night her husband criticized her for what he felt to be her extravagance. She gave a hasty, impatient answer, and he, evidently vexed with himself for having hurt her, made a semi-apology. She was too angry to accept it, and left the room without saying a word. It would have been easy to remove the thistle then, but now! Tommy's mother remembered the silent breakfast and the perfunctory good-by, and tears like those in Tommy's eyes, rise to hers. The thistles hurt so now.

But they will hurt worse tomorrow. With this thought she suddenly rises, goes to her desk and pours out her heart in a letter to the friend of her youth. She calls her by the foolish, fond little name by which she was wont to call her in their school days. At the end she says, "Please forgive me for not being nicer to you when I saw you last. I wasn't as meanly jealous as I seemed to be, truly I wasn't. I believe that in my deepest heart I was glad of your prosperity, only it is always hard for me to feel that my husband seems to himself to have failed of success in the world when the husbands of other women have succeeded. Is that a childish sort of pride? I suppose it is, but I'd rather you should know it was this, and not mere selfish covetousness of the pretty things that suit you so well and that I truly love to see you have. Please believe this and write me a dear little letter to say that you believe it."

"There," said Tommy's mother, as she sealed her letter. "It hurt you to write that, but I'm glad it's done."

She goes upstairs and dresses thoughtfully. She puts on her blue dress, because blue is her husband's favorite color. A woman's sense of symbolism in the matter of dress is something which a mere man can never appreciate. If she wishes to please him particularly, she invariably puts on the color which he has sometimes told her is his favorite, though in the interval he has probably forgotten that he has any favorite.

When her toilette is finished she looks into the glass with approving eyes. She has done her best with herself.

"I must say 'I'm sorry,'" she tells herself, "and the saying so will hurt. But I'm glad it's today instead of tomorrow, or maybe, never!"

And she goes down the stairs humming the tune that Tommy whistled a little while ago, to throw herself into her husband's arms with all the abandon of their honeymoon.—Christian Evangelist.

O world invisible, we view thee;
O world intangible, we touch thee;
O world unknowable, we know thee;
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

—Francis Thompson.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF BEING FRANK.

Some persons never learn to distinguish between frankness and rudeness. They say, "I always speak right out," and take credit to themselves for so saying, as if speaking right out were in itself a virtue. They speak "out" half truths, hasty judgments, crude notions, and most of what they speak is highly disagreeable and altogether unnecessary.

True frankness is a different matter altogether. It is a delicate insistence upon realities. It is the transparency of soul which makes others feel ashamed of disguises and subterfuges.

The beautiful art of being frank, once acquired and always practiced, all but insures the happiness of a home. Where this art is, suspicion, doubt and petty make-believes can have no place. Half the alienations of husbands from wives, of wives from husbands, and children from parents could be saved by openness and sincerity. "Let us talk it all over together" is the secret of sympathy and mutual understanding.

A wife—a good woman in the main—suffered keenly

under her husband's penuriousness in household matters. But she could never bring herself to talk the matter over with him and to ask for an allowance sufficient for her needs. Instead, she learned to practice little deceptions, to squeeze out pennies here and there, and to teach her children the same methods. The result was habitual distrust on the father's part, small trickery on that of the mother and children, and an inharmonious and all but loveless household.

A business man fell into the habit of speculation. He had borrowed money heavily from his neighbors, and as his investments began to fail, they became anxious. His wife, an excellent Christian woman, continued to dress handsomely, and apparently made no effort to curtail the expenses of the household. Naturally, she was severely criticized by those who felt that her expenditure was of their money. When the crash came, it was found that her husband had told her nothing whatever of his affairs, and that she had gone to the end believing him to be successful and prosperous. So great was her grief that her health gave way and she died within a month.

Frankness would have saved these tragedies. The art is not an easy one, but to acquire and be able to practice it is worth any price. It is no slight thing for two who love each other to be able at all times to look into each other's hearts with unveiled eyes.

Love has no record of time on its brow
All through the day, all through the day,
Keeps the first freshness of life's morning vow
All through the length of the day.
Strong in its power 'mid the snow-flakes of age,
Full in its power while the winter blasts rage,
Bearing a fire that no damp can assuage,
All through the length of the day.

—George Matheson.

MODERN METHODS WITH CHILDREN.

People born a generation or two ago are wondering in an amused way if they are not peculiarly unfortunate in that respect, since they escaped the "delights and advantages" of childhood of the present, and are also missing the calm joys that once belonged to the middle and old age. As a fine looking, alert, elderly woman put it recently, she was born when children were expected to mind, and then lived to see her grandchildren enjoy privileges not now granted even to elderly people, while the old men and women were completely crowded in the background. She said, in self-defense, that she had revised her calling list to exclude the houses where there were children simply because her old-fashioned ideas could not stand the lack of government of the present day. As a child, she had been taught that well-bred little people should be seen and not heard, but now that she was verging on old age she liked to enjoy the privilege of talking when she went away from home.

Much of the deplorable impoliteness of children is due to the peculiar new ideas about government. A small boy was given a pony which he immediately proceeded to ride and drive and whip unmercifully. The mother "reasoned" with the child, and the father "explained" the suffering of the little animal, but still the youngster kept on in his cruelty. At last, feeling that something must be done, the mother asked a friend to tell the child that "somebody" had said he might be arrested if he persisted in his treatment of the pony. It never occurred to the parents to take away the pony or punish the child—their only idea seemed to be to manage things with as little trouble as possible.

A little girl was suspected of stealing money from her mother's purse, and the mother found her suspicions were correct. She discovered that the child was in the habit of spending the money at a nearby grocery for candy and fruit, so she went to the grocer and told her story, asking him to instruct the clerks to tell the child when she came to make her purchases that candy would make her ill. She didn't like to use harsh measures with the 6-year-old, so she thought of the brilliant plan of enlisting the grocer in helping her break up the habit. But the grocer was brought up in the discipline of forty or fifty year sago, and vigorously recommended the methods used when he was a boy. The mother was indignant. Anyone who would suggest such a brutal thing as spanking was unfit to raise a child, and if the clerks could not take a little trouble to help her eradicate the habit, she would deal elsewhere.

Another mother was in the habit of threatening her child with the policeman, the letter-carrier and other public servants, when she felt called upon to make some attempt at discipline. She would carelessly say that these men would "carry him off," if he did not do thus and so, and while the child did not believe the threats he looked upon the men as enemies. One day the letter carrier said something to him in a teasing way, and the child shot him with a toy gun, inflicting a mere scratch on the head, but if the missile had struck an eye it would have put it out. The mother looked on complacently and asked the lad if he did not want to apologize, but was not surprised when he refused. She was afraid to scold, she said, because he was nervous and it might upset him. So the little "episode" was allowed to pass unnoticed.

A school superintendent with very advanced ideas on the subject of government received notice one day from the residents of his town that a set of boys was seriously annoying them by snowballing on their way out from school. Farther down the street the policeman might arrest them, but near the school ground they felt immune from interference. The superintendent immediately went about the rooms of the lower grades, talking to the little pupils, telling them how nice it would be if they never threw another snowball and thus set a good example for the older boys. Results showed him that justice and discipline are necessary, as well as love and gentleness. The nuisance was continued until "Thou shalt not" was vigorously declared, and the results of disobedience were plainly laid down.

More than one woman is suffering from nervous prostration because of the new ideas about child government. In the old days, when children were taught to mind, without all the elaborate planning and fussing now laid down, to accomplish governing the family, mothers enjoyed a measure of quiet and peace in spite of the many tasks unknown to the present generation. It was always a source of wonder to the mother of the one spoiled child how her grandmother managed to live and raise ten or a dozen children; but she forgets that her mother had order in her little kingdom.

Why it isn't easier to start in babyhood and have some order in the home, than to allow the naughty habits to grow and so make it hardly possible to live with the dis-

agreeable youngsters nobody can quite tell; but there are some folk who would like to see it tried. Imagine the mother of a dozen children taking the time to go and enlist the butcher or baker in helping her correct her children. Maybe the children of the present are happier under the new ruling, as its advocates claim; but there is good reason to doubt that statement, and they certainly are more nervous and irritable. It is to be hoped, however, that the next "new" idea will be that grown people have rights which children are bound to respect. There will be less nervous prostration when this is brought into use. Certain it is that if children are made to mind again in the wholesome, good old way, there will be less talk about over-worked mothers, and more—happier, healthier children and adults.—Hilda Richmond in The Interior.

Our Young People

WHY TONY BEAR WENT TO BED.

"It is time for you to go to bed, Tony Bear," said Mamma Bear to dear tiny Baby Tony Bear, one day, when the fall had come.

"I don't wish to go bed," said Tony Bear. "I want to play out in the warm sun, and eat the good food from bush and tree, and roll in the sand, and make my fur coat nice. I will take naps in our cave as I do now."

"But the cold part of the year is near," said Mamma Bear. "Now is the time for our long, long nap. The cave is too cold. I will put you in our nice snug bed in the hole in the tree, and you may stay till the warm time is here."

"But I want to play out in the sun," said dear, fat, tiny Baby Tony Bear.

"Soon the sun will not give much heat, and you will be cold, and cry, 'Wah! Wah! Wah!' all day long. Come, Tony Bear, to bed."

"No," said Tony Bear. "If I go in my bed, I cannot eat, and I like to eat. I like to eat. I wish to eat more of the good food that the bees make, too. I will hunt for that, and you may take the long nap," and he shut his tiny eyes and did not look kind.

"Oh, why are you not good, Tony Bear?" said his mamma. "If you stay out in the cold time, Man may get you."

"Who is Man?" said Tony Bear.

"Man can walk like a bear. He has a head like a ball, with fur on it, and he has pink paws. He is too wise for a baby bear. He can take you and keep you so that you can play no more," said Mamma Bear.

"I do not fear Man," said Tony Bear. "I can run fast and far."

Many days went by, and Tony Bear did not go to bed. Each day it grew colder, and Mamma Bear was not glad, for she did want the long nap so much. Once, at dawn, ice was hard on the lake in the wood. Tony Bear was able to walk on it.

"Now, Tony Bear," said his mamma, "you must come to bed with me, or Man will get us. This is the time he will come. He will make a trap, and put good food in it. He will wait for us to get into the trap, and then he will take us."

"What is a trap?" said Tony Bear.

"It is a cave that Man can make, and the bear who goes into the door of that cave does not get out. Come, Tony Bear!"

"I do not fear Man, and I do not want to go to bed," said Tony Bear, as he ran over the moss away from his mamma.

This was the only time in his life that Tony Bear had not been good, and his mamma did not like to hurt her dear, tiny Baby Tony Bear, so she said, "I do not like to hurt you, Tony Bear; but if you will not obey me, what can I do?"

Tony Bear shut his eyes, and he did not look kind, and he did not move, so Mamma Bear gave him a soft slap with her hard paw.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" said Tony Bear, and off he ran to his bed. It was far away in a tree in the wood, and low down near the moss. No one was able to see the hole in the tree that was the door, so Mamma Bear and Tony Bear were safe for the long nap till the warm time came.

Mamma Bear did want her nap so much that she soon shut her eyes, and she did not hear when Tony Bear rose up from her side and dug his way out through the moss and the bark that she had put up by the hole. Tony Bear ran as fast as a fat baby bear can. He ran, and he ran, till he came to his home in the wood by the lake.

All that long day he had a fine time. It was such fun to play in the sun, and eat a root or a nut now and then, with no one to say, "Don't do that, Tony Bear!" It was fun to run on the ice, and slip down, and rise, and fall once more. It was fun to roll in the fine dry sand that is so good for the fur coat of a bear.

Oh, what fun!" said Tony Bear over and over. He put his paw and his claw upon the Bear Tree, and made a mark in the bark to show how tall he was.

"I am so big," said he. "I can run far and fast, so soft that Man cannot hear me. I will stay out all of the cold time, and put many nuts in the cave for Mamma Bear. When she gets up in the warm time, she will be glad, and she will like to see how tall and fat and well I am."

By and by the sun set, and the Dark came. It was not so warm then as in the day.

"I like the Cold and the Dark," said Tony Bear, as he ran to and fro in his play.

Then the dark Dark came, and the cold Wind blew. Tony Bear had not been in the dark Dark with no mamma, and he did not feel as glad as he did in the day. He sat near a tree by the cave, and how he did wish he was in bed.

"I cannot find the way in the Dark, and it is too far," said Tony Bear. "I must wait here till Day has come, then I'll just run to Mamma Bear."

It grew very cold, and soon the dark, dark Dark came. Tony Bear was not able to see the lake, nor the cave, nor the tree near by. He was not even able to see his paw when he held it up near his eyes. He was so cold, and his fur coat did not keep him warm. How he did wish he was in bed!

Wah! Wah! Wah!" he said, very soft and low. He did not dare to cry much for fear that Man was near. He did not dare to go into the dark cave when his mamma was not by his side, so he sat or lay out on the moss in the wood all through the dark time.

When the dawn came, he was very cold, and his feet were lame. He did not run, but went limp, limp, limp, through the wood. How he did wish he was in bed.

The way was long, and by and by, when the sun was up, and Tony Bear did not feel so cold and lame, he came to an open spot in the deep wood.

Ah, ah, ah!" said Tony Bear with joy. His nose told him that he was near the good food that the bees make.

Step, step, step, went Tony Bear, near, near, near.

"How good that food must be," said Tony Bear. "It is in that big box made of wood.

Tony Bear did not know that it was a trap he saw; but he knew that Mamma Bear had told him not to go near what Man had made, and he knew that Man must have made this box.

"I want it. I want some of the good food that bees make. My nose does not say that Man is near. I can run when I have had some of the good food, and Man cannot get me if he does come," said Tony Bear.

Oh, dear, do you know what Tony Bear did next?

He went up to the very door, and in the dark room of the trap he saw the comb of wax that the bees make, and his nose told him that the good food was in it.

"I will just step, so soft, into the cave, and take the good food, and then run away, so fast, to my bed," he said.

One forefoot, so soft, two forefeet, so soft, one hindfoot, so soft, two hindfeet, so soft! All of Tony Bear was in the trap, when bang! went the door shut.

Tony Bear ran to the door. It was fast. He was not able to move it. He did not like to be in the dark trap, and he did not care for the bees' food now. How he did wish he had done as his mamma told him. How he did wish he was in bed by her side. How he d d paw and claw the hard wood of the trap! How he did bite it, but he was not able to get out. At last he did not try any more. He lay down with his head on his paw, and how he did cry. "Wah! Wah! Wah!"

By and by Man came. He put his eye down by the hole in the door of the trap, and saw Tony Bear.

"F ne!" he said. When the door was open he went into the trap with a club and a rope to tie Tony Bear. Tony Bear was a good bear. He had not been bad with claw and paw in all his life. He did not claw nor bite now, and when Man came near him he was so sad and full of fear that he did not move.

Man put down the club and the rope, and took Tony Bear up in his arms. "Well, you are a good bear!" he sa'd. "I can sell you well." Then he took Tony Bear out and put him in his high cart. Man had left his rope and his club in the trap, and he said, "You are such a good tame bear, you will not try to run away, and if you do, you are so fat that I can get you."

Man ran fast to the trap for h's rope and his club, and, oh! then Tony Bear hung by his paws to the side of the cart, and down he did drop, and away he did run into the wood as fast as he was able. Man did not hear, but when he came back to the cart, Tony Bear was gone. He ran into the wood, but he didn't know which way Tony Bear had gone, and he did not find him.

Tony Bear sat high in a tree until Man went away, then he came down. He did not look at the trap, nor wish for food any more. He ran, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran, and by and by he came to the bed tree. He went in and shut the hole that was the door, with moss and bark, then he lay down, oh, very near, the side of his dear, warm mamma.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" he said, for he was so cold and sad.

Mamma Bear woke from her nap. "Do not wake me any more till the warm time is here," she sad. "Be a good little Tony Bear, and take your nap."

"I have not been a good bear," said Tony Bear, "and I am not glad."

"Be good now, then, and you will be glad," said Mamma Bear, and she gave Tony Bear a wee bite for love, and put her warm paw over him.

"How well Tony Bear felt, so warm, so safe; and soon he shut his eyes and was deep in the long, long nap that will last till the warm days come.—A. L. Sykes, in Litle Folks.

A MIRACLE OF RE-BIRTH.

An Actual Experience of a Bowery "Tough," Who Conquers the Craving for Drink.

(From "The Regenerate," Recorded by Norman Duncan in the January Century.)

"I got up from my knees a new man—'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' I had bee n'born again.' It is not a cant phrase. There are no other words so accurately to describe the change which had occurred with'n me—no other words to describe the completeness of it, the newness of the life into which I had come, a child in righteous ways. I was regenerate: I had been 'born again.' I was sober; and from that moment I have never wanted alcohol. A miracle, as truly a miracle as any heal ng ever was. I have not wanted a drink. I have not wanted a drink since that moment. I did want a bath instantly but I was too dirty to be given one without precautions. And I wanted a clean shirt. I loathed my rags. I wanted to be clean. My word! how I craved a bath! And pride at once revived—the good pride of manhood. One of the brothers—we redeemed drunkards are all brothers—offered me five cents. I rejected it. I was no beggar. I was a man again, a gentleman! What did I want of a nickel I hadn't earned? I wanted work. First of all I wanted sleep—I desperately needed a bed—and then I wanted a bath and a job. I had my bath in the morning. My word! what a gracious gift it was! And I got my job, too—and I got my clean shirt.

"But I lay that n'ght in a Bowery lodging-house. It was a heaven of rest and ease and quiet and seclusion after Solomon's cellar. I was too dirty to be put in the long room with the decent Bowery rowdies and drunks. I was given a bunk in a section reserved for—the worst of us. I had fallen very low, you see. But I was too weak to crawl into bed; they must life me in. I did not sleep. I lay awake all that night—in tears and prayer and joyous aspiration. My tears were of contrition; my prayers were of rejoicing, of gratitude; my aspiration was toward work and service, and self-respect, and the love of all men. A wonderful night—a night in which those things wh'ch I had once cherished, but had long abandoned, were restored to me—hope, truth, love, pure ambition. The things of St. Paul: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever th'ngs are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise.' It seems to me, now, that in that night I traveled back over the long way I had come—that I was once more in the company of the pure things of my boyhood. And in the morning I stumbled rejoicing to the labor of the first day in a new life. And I was sober—and I was not at all afraid."

It was the end.

"And now?"

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